MARVEL
PG 22

LEGACY: CONCLUSION

EXILES™

ONE SHALL FALL...

AVENGERS HEADQUARTERS INFIRMARY
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

AAAA

Blow it up! Mimic-- we *have* to blow it up!

It's-- it's the *only* way-- we have to. We have to. We have--

--we have to-- we have to-- we have to--

I know, Clarice. I *know.*

Please just try and relax-- let them help you. We--

AAAAAAAAIIIIEE!!

DAMMIT! HELP HER!

HOURS LATER...

She's stable, Mimic. We're going to keep transfusing her. The blood with the mutant healing factor will keep it at bay for awhile...

...how long that will last... well... she was hit *pretty* bad.

Mimic... What *was* she talking about? What did the Tallus say is the *next* step?

Well, Pym... according to the Tallus, *The Primes* will retaliate for our invasion on Mainframe.

In a month they will launch an all-out attack on the remaining humans on Earth.

Then, they'll be ready for the *next* step.

Space.

Yeah. They'll go after the rest of the universe next, and they succeed.

A thousand years from now there won't be any other lifeforms in this realm *except* Vi-Locks.

Natural selection, I guess.

Not according to the Tallus. It says that it's supposed to end *here*.

We have to destroy Earth.

Of course, I think that's *crap*. We need to find *some* other--

No. I've been waiting for this.

I knew *some* day... outside of a *miracle*... I *knew* it would come to this.

We'd have to sacrifice our race for the sake of all others.

It's okay, Mimic, really. I've been planning this for *years*.

ELSEWHERE IN AVENGERS HEADQUARTERS...

I don't think I can *do* this, Morph...

My *mother* could do it...

You *can* too, Rachel.

Jean Grey was an extraordinary person and the King Kong of psychics. But you've got the *goods*...

...besides... you're our *last hope*.

Thanks... no pressure there.

It just seems so *far-fetched*.

Not where I come from. I've played *racquetball* with these guys!

Well, *more* like we fought Doctor Doom, the Kree army, and a few hundred other bad guys... but they *exist*.

And if what this planet needs is *pure blood* with *healing factors* to knock the spark plugs out of these dirt-bag robot, life-sucking scum...

...they're *just* the ticket.

Keep repeating the *incantation*. And visualize where you want to send it.

If they hear you... they'll come.

At least I hope so.

THE AVENGERS WAR ROOM

Two important factors. *One*-- Mainframe is fueled by a massive *nuclear reactor*. The largest ever created. It lies *fifty miles* below the Earth's surface.

With the Vi-Locks, I *assume*, there is little worry of mishaps and exposure. They're living computers, after all.

There's never going to be another *Chernobyl* with them minding the store.

Two.

Several years ago, the Primes began stockpiling ***nuclear armaments.*** Most likely in fear of humans getting a hold of them.

They ***haven't*** dismantled them.

They sit a ***quarter of a mile*** away from the reactor.

If we hit the stockpile with our own nukes-- the explosion alone would be devastating. But most importantly, it would blow the reactor's core.

I figure it'll split the Earth ***in half.***

So, what do we hit them with? A ***missile?***

No, Sunfire. The space is too small, and frankly, if the Primes catch wind of what we're doing, they'll just shoot it out of the sky.

We need something that can be maneuvered.

A ship.

The largest vessel we have is the ***Warbird***. I've loaded the jet with more than enough fully-armed nuclear bombs to get the job done.

We just need a ***pilot*** to fly it in and slam into the target.

I'll go.

Like hell, TJ.

Heather, I'm the ***best*** pilot.

Doesn't matter. ***Look,*** I hate to seem like I'm protecting my own, but--

--there is ***no*** reason to think that the Exiles won't ***survive*** this even if we destroy this whole planet.

As soon as that plane hits its target, this timeline will be set right and the six of us might all teleport out ***before*** the blast even hits us!

You should send one of ***your*** people, Pym. Forgive me, but we shouldn't sacrifice ***anyone*** we don't have to.

Correct me if I'm wrong, Dr. Pym, but since the Vi-Locks took over your world, ***none*** of you have had much experience in the air.

You're all rusty at best. We get one shot at this--

--***I'm*** the best bet.

Nocturne's right.

TJ...

No. This is ***my*** call, Sunfire.

I'm going.

I hope you can hear me, Clarice... despite all the sedation... I hope you hear me.

THE INFIRMARY

Because I *need* you to hear me...

...because...

...because I'm so *stupid.* God... I *don't* want this to be one of those "*I didn't realize how much you meant to me until...*" speeches.

It's *always* one of those emotionally detached idiots who can't see that he's... that he's in love with someone until something *terrible* happens.

But... I *am* an emotionally detached idiot and I *didn't* realize how much you meant to me...

You let me be weak.

That was hard.

You let me *love* you.

You loved me back.

Don't die, okay?

I'll probably think of something better to say if you don't...

THE WAR ROOM

Alright, TJ, we're a go from here. Don't forget that we can monitor the Warbird's *instruments* from the War Room but all *"verbal"* communication has to go through *Emma Frost.*

The Vi-Locks can detect *all* radio frequencies outside of Vegas. Combined with *Leech's telepathy* we'll be able to--

For the millionth time, Pym-- I've got it!

It's not impossible. I used to bullseye womp rats in my T-6 back home.

Last communication before take-off... I'm T minus thirty. *Mark*

Who--?!

CRACK!

Sorry, Nocturne. this is *my* flight..

BA'BOOM!

I've *lost* contact with TJ she's. . *Leech*, are you reading her on the vessel?

No-- actually-- I've got her--

--in this room!

He *nerve pinched* me! That macho son of a @#$% yanked me out of the Warbird!

Who did?!

Mimic! Are you there, Rankin? What the hell are you up to?

Cal... you didn't have to... I was ready to...

Big diot.

REEEK!

Radiation leak! Calvin, we're reading a massive leak from one of the

Cal?!

He won't be able to hear you.

If there was a radiation leak, Mimic went into armor form. He's immune to radiation in his armor form

"...He's never understood why, but a psychic barrier goes up when he's in armored form. He can't be read or project thought."

Okay... looks like I'm on my own... not for the first time.

But I suppose that'll be the last...

MEANWHILE....

Heed our plea... Help us in our time of strife..

Oh, great ones... Heed our plea... Help us in our time of strife

We hear you, child. We will join you in your fight--

BEHOLD!

Whoa!

BOOOOOOOOM!!

They came! They heard me!

Morph! It worked! They're here!

When the Exiles became imprisoned on the Skrull World, a planet lorded over by the shape-shifting alien warrior race, Morph noticed that among all the heroes of this enslaved planet--

--one very powerful hero was missing.

As was the hero's family.

In many of the realities that they have been forced to visit, Morph's noticed their absence. It's no wonder, really.

These worlds that have been desolated by some alteration would probably have been set right with their help.

Oh... ain't you kids a sight for sore eyes...

Their abilities can't be measured

For they are the Gods of Asgard.

And they know very few obstacles.

I am Wodensdaeg. Shaper of Wyrd and the bender of Orlog. I am the All Father.

I am Odin!

I have brought my kin and offer our aid in these troubled times.

Whether it is to be the might of our fists, our swords, our cunning...

...or our blood.

Morph. Who in hell are the *Asgardians?*

Baby, this is the *cavalry!* A big honking, mythological, horse cavalry.

MOMENTS LATER, IN THE INFIRMARY...

BLOOD SERUM

INFECTION RATE

It's working. Look how *rapidly* it's attacking the virus. I can't call it a cure for sure at this point, but...

...I've never been more hopeful.

Aye, good physician. You have never seen the *recuperative ability* of a god before.

We will have this globe as pristine as the snows of the mighty Arctic lands of the *Ice Giants* before the next moon.

Hank!

We can't raise Mimic.

Try again, MJ. Call him back.

We've been trying-- we haven't stopped since the Asgardians arrived. We've tried everything.

We *can't* call him back. He's ten minutes off the target.

He's moving so fast, we don't even have enough time to go after him.

He's going through with *the plan.*

Contact the Vi-Locks.

Tell them to shoot him down.

It will never be known if Forge and the Primes entirely **believed** *the Avengers.*

It will never be known if they bought the fact that one of the Avengers would "go rogue" and attempt to destroy the planet in order to rid this universe of the Vi-Locks.

And that they would alert the Primes to aid them in averting the destruction of the planet.

It could only be said that Forge took the approach of "better safe than sorry."

Whoa!

Well, it looks like the Vi-Locks know I'm here.

Uh-oh. I'll have to engage the auto pilot to make evasive maneuvers aga nst any more incoming projectiles!

Because it looks like I'm going to have my *hands full.*

GRA-AACCK!

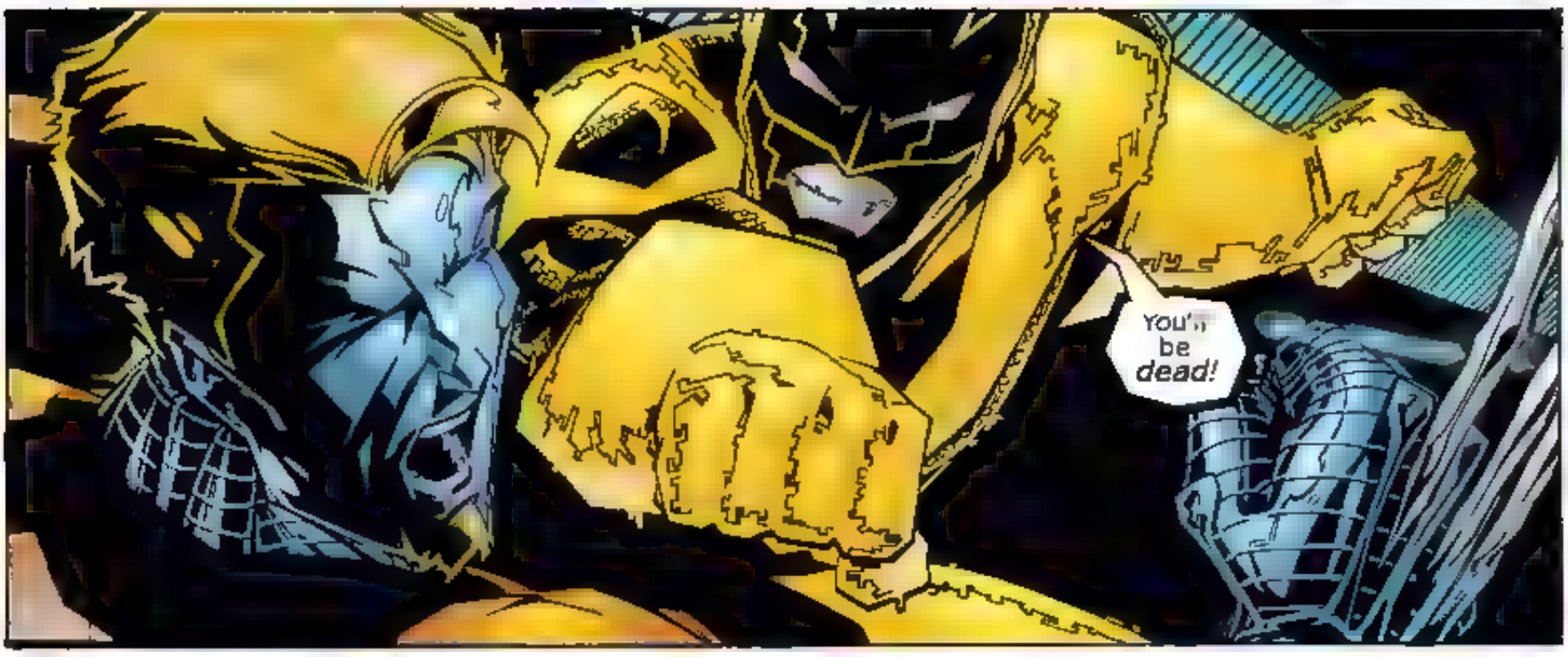
Move not, Avenger. Your destruction is *inevitable!*

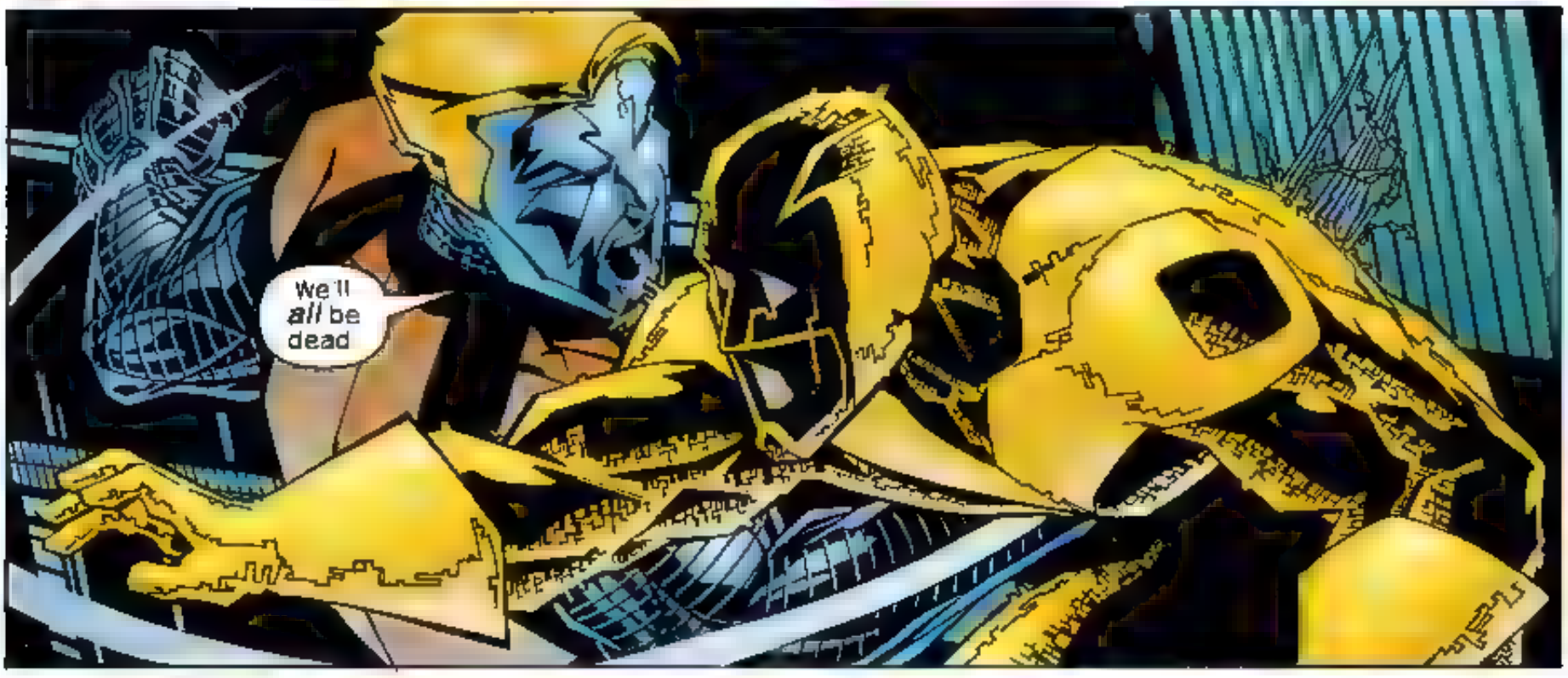
CREEEEEEE!!

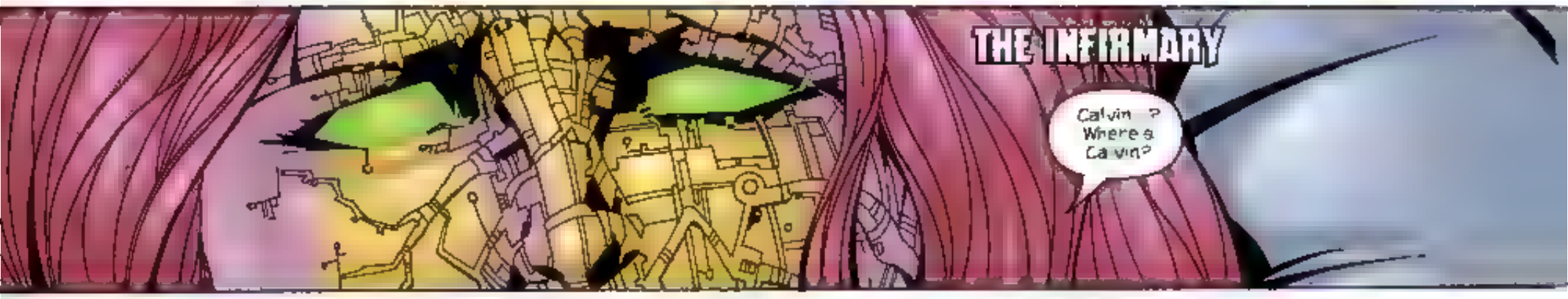
Pardon me if I just don't throw up my hands and surrender!

Y'see-- *suicide missions* don't generally end in *giving up!*

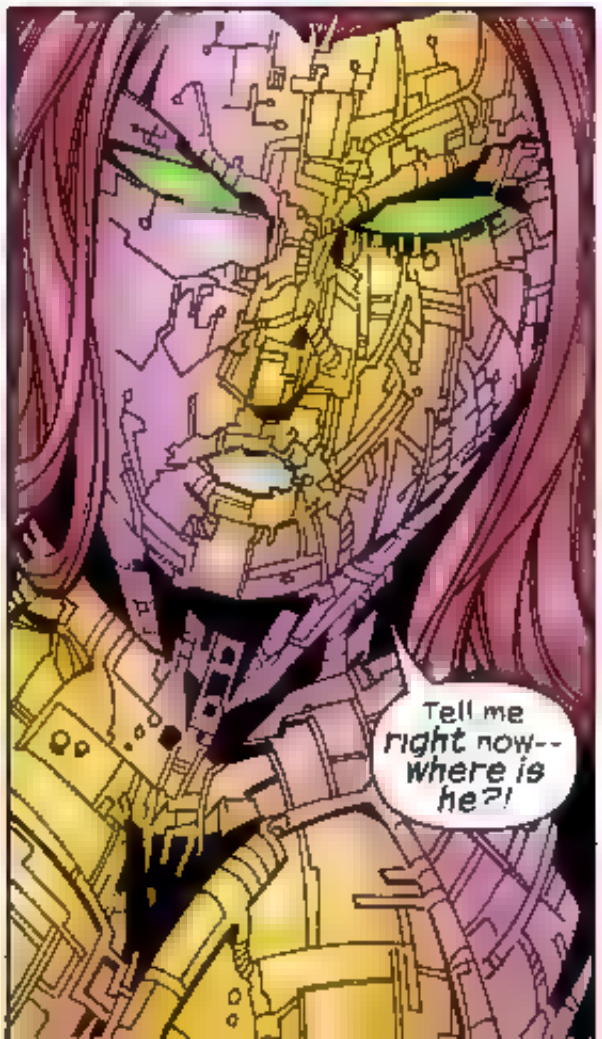
True enough. But *one* outcome will remain the same!


You'll be dead!


We'll all be dead


THE INFIRMARY
Calvin...? Where's Calvin?

Blink's awake!
Hey.. welcome back...
Where's Calvin? Tell me.
Clarice, just try and relax. There isn't anything any of us can--


Tell me right now-- where is he?!

There it is. That's where Pym said the *nuclear stockpile* would be.

Just keep it steady, Cal

Do your job.

Save the Universe

It's all for the best.

BLINK!

Pull the ship up, sweetie. The Gods of Asgard arrived to help us.

CLARICE?!

Yes! Less talk, more flying towards outer orbit -- that's an *order.*

Yes, Ma'am!

Set it on auto pilot. The Warbird should be able to outrun the missiles until it nears the top of the Earth's atmosphere.

Smart girl.

BLINK

Hey... that's why I get the big bucks.

BOOM

EIGHTEEN HOURS LATER...

What's *most* amazing is that the Gods' Blood actually works in *concert* with the mutant healing factor plasma we developed *years* ago.

We *know*. You've told us this at least *three* times.

Well it's just

Amazing-- we know

Well t is.

We're gonna save the world! I'm *excited*. Sue me.

All I'm *saying*, big man, is that if you run into a horse-faced dude named Beta Ray, just hang onto that over-sized nutcracker of yours.

Do any of you good people comprehend this being?

Not yet, Thor, but it doesn't slow him down any.

And keep an eye on your girl! Apparently she's one of those chicks who really *means it* when she says she doesn't date a guy just on how he looks.

Because she and *horsey-man* go all--

What?

We have company.

Ohmigod...

...the Timebroker!

Greetings, Exiles. One of you has *completed* your mission.

You have repaired your personal broken chain in time.

One of you is *going home.*

My name is *Illyana Rasputin--Magik.*

I have become unhinged from my own time. I am your new team member.

Who goes?

The Tallus!

I have it-- wait!

Cal...?

Clarice.

BLINK!

...Clarice...

END.